

In the Hands of the Enemy.

Captured

At Cambrai Dülmen Camp

Wulfrath

Fredrichsfeld Camp

Zelstoff Paper Factory, Walsum

We Try Again

Re-taken

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Robert Jones was a school teacher in
Victoria who was retired early
during one of the "blights". He
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& training college in Melbourne,
specialising in teaching French.
He died about 1925.

Incidentally this letter came to
him & he published it in
Melbourne, although there is no
date & no imprint.

C 1920.

E. A. Prescott

In the Hands of the Enemy

A Record of the experiences of FRANK HALLIHAN, 21st Battalion,
in German Prison Camps.

CAPTURED !

It was early in the hours of the morning of the 26th August, 1916, when two companies of my battalion were given the order to be in readiness to move from the position we were then holding and leave for the Chalk Pit. From there we were to muster together and then file out into "No Man's Land." Before we left we were told that the "Strong Post" was our objective. This was Marquet Farm, and just before dawn of day we were on our attack. Our shells rained over into the German trenches, and then Fritz replied in quick order. The machine guns rattled in all directions, but we kept on moving ahead in short rushes until nearing the first line of trenches. There was very little delay there, for they were already blown to pieces. Except for a few deep dug-outs, it would have been hard to say that you were there at all. We kept on advancing until given the order to halt by our company commander; we started to "dig in." Then we were given the order to come further back, as we were in front of our own barrage, but in those few minutes our casualties were heavy. By this time the German machine guns were located, and the lads immediately attacked them with bombs and rifle-fire, putting an end to their firing. Party after party left to break into the German strong-post, and very few were left then to make a further attempt. As daylight was on us, we were told to "hang on" where we were, and be ready in case of a counter attack by the Germans. We took up our position just out of bombing range, occupying the same trench as Fritz. Things had slightly settled down when we noticed the Germans manning their lines in the rear. When we were just levelling our rifles to fire on them a much better target appeared just sixty yards in front of us, as they were trying to fill up the strong post with reinforcements. Thus we had a large body to shoot at. They were compelled to cross open country, as the trench had been blown in. Seeing that we were too warm, they were sent over in smaller numbers, but very few were missed by our rifle and machine gun fire.

Then it calmed down again for a brief term. We then kept a sharp look out while we cleaned our rifles and made our position more secure. Very soon, however, we were disturbed

by the artillery fire. They were sending over some of the "big-stuff," and we got it properly, and as fast as we could speak they followed each other, then all was silent again. Cries of agony were heard from the wounded and dying. Every man was left to his fate; nothing could be done but to bandage them. Soon the cries ceased, many of the wounded were passing away. It was about 10 o'clock then, and we were thinking that this was all until nightfall, but word had come through we were surrounded. This was easily seen, as we were fired on from all directions. The alarm was given us; we sprang to our guns. The enemy were coming straight at us; their numbers were a company, the bombers leading. We opened fire on them and threw all the bombs that were left into them. Their officer in charge ordered them to cease fire, and cleared a way for us to pass through; but until we ran out of munitions we kept up our fire, and they were on us. The officer levelled his revolver on the first of his men who attempted to fire and cleared the way once more. Thinking of our wounded in the dug-out, and seeing that we would only murder them by remaining there, we were forced to obey the order of the Hun. Not a second too soon; —of us left this place, nearly all more or less wounded.

We passed through some of the brutes whom I will describe to you later. It was only sixty yards, and then we were standing in amongst them. Our Trench mortars were falling right in where we stood, and the Huns were mad; their wounded lying all round us, and their dead also. We were put in charge of sentries immediately, and moved on. They flew at us with rifles and anything they could get hold of to take our lives, but we didn't care then; we were of no more use. Although in German hands, we showed we weren't particular whether dead or alive, but we would strike back if they struck. It wasn't long before we were faced by some beauties, and the attention of the officer in charge was drawn to us which caused him to keep a much sharper look out. Otherwise, he would have had to go out and report all prisoners dead. He took action against all who came near us, and one word was enough for them, thirsty as they were for our blood. I shall never forget those few hours. We looked back at Albert in the distance, and saw our own balloons in the air, and all we could think was: "what we would give to be there." We were to be relieved that night, for up till then we had been in for some days. The first halt was at Battalion Headquarters, from there to a Red Cross dressing station. Those who could walk

—wounded or not—were bandaged and sent along with us. We were soaked in blood and tattered and torn, with several days' growth upon our faces, and scratches and cuts from bombs and other bits of destruction. And we were nearly choking with thirst.

When we landed at the Brigade Headquarters the sentries were changed, and, after being inspected by the staff and all the curious individuals who gathered and gaped at us, we were marched on then to Divisional Headquarters at Berlin-court. Here we were again searched, and those who could walk no further had to remain at the same place, and any of us who had even a scratch were inoculated. This being done, we were given a drink of water and our first German bread. While this was going on a brass band struck up the tune of "God save our King," which is also the air of the German National Anthem. It was a big place, and many officers were about. We were just as curious as they were. They didn't seem to understand our ways, for we absolutely took no notice of them—they were our enemy, and are so still for ever. It was then getting on in the day. Outside the gate was one of the Uhlans, mounted, with lance, rifle, and sword. We were given over to him, and he tried to hustle us along, but we could walk no further, and we "played up." Some dropped down on the roadside and the Uhlan rushed up with his lance. But we still defied him, and had a rest. On reaching the first village we gave more bother. It was then dark and our custodian was a bit windy. Leaving us in charge of some of his beautiful "cobbers," he left us, and went to a place where two officers of the Aviation Corps were staying. They ordered us to be brought in. One who spoke "English" asked us "Have you hun-gar?" Our reply was certainly yes. On this a French lady came in with coffee and some bread. The look the poor old lady had on her face was one of pity and regret for us. Her daughter also came on the scene and exchanged greetings with us.

After having the coffee we were taken into the officers' room and they brought over a box of cigarettes. One officer could speak English, and he wanted to hear a lot more than we cared to tell him; and we knew nothing much about anything that was of importance to him. He asked the same question that we were asked thousands of times: "Why we came to fight against Germany?" And we gave him this answer: "England was at war and it was our duty to do our share

also, for we were a free people and could voice our opinion and received justice. Therefore, why shouldn't we fight to help those who would be the first to come to our assistance if we were in trouble ourselves?" He asked our professions in civil life, and what wages we received. In the first place, he and the others thought we came for the sake of money, but when told that we fought side by side with men who had enough money to keep them for life, and when we told them our earnings in peace time compared with our army pay, they dropped the argument.

It was getting late now, and we were tired out and could hardly stand on our legs. A motor was brought to take us to the concentration camp, and we arrived there at 10 o'clock that night. Passing the sentries on duty, we were shown to a room in which there were a number of English prisoners and some of our own lads belonging to other battalions. We cleaned out our pockets and made a smoke. Then, after talking over our experiences, we lay down on the floor to sleep with nothing else but our clothes we stood in. This was the end of our first day in the hands of the enemy, 26th of August, 1916.

Next morning we were aroused by the sentry to get the coffee and bread allotted to us as breakfast according to the custom of the Hun. We went down the stairs into the yard, and we were shown the cells where the French girls had been locked in for defying orders.

After three days we left this place.

Most prisoners, including French, English, and all those who took part in the Somme offensive, were brought here to the Citadel, and remained until there were enough to send on to Germany. They were sent thither in batches of two hundred at a time.

AT CAMBRAI.

We arrived at Cambrai in the early part of September, 1916.

As we marched up the streets the French people came out, and in spite of the German sentries' threats threw bread, vegetables, and any eatables they could lay their hands on to us. And they gave us some tobacco, too. The old gentlemen saluted us, and the women waved their handkerchiefs as we marched past. One could not help being proud of them. We had not been in the hands of the Huns very long before we were aware of the heavy punishment that these people

were liable to if brought before the officers; and in many cases the sentries rushed at them with rifle and bayonet for the same offence. And if they weren't fast enough to get out of the reach of the brutes, they would have to suffer the consequences.

Our next place was the Citadel. This building was used for many years as a barracks for French troops; now it was a place for concentration. All furniture had been removed and the large rooms contained only a mattress to lie on, no blankets or any covering whatever. And it was absolutely alive with lice. Men, too, with dysentery were allowed to remain until they were carried away almost dead with torture. Some returned; but many never will.

It was the order to rise at 5 a.m. and fall in on the parade ground for bread. This was the day's ration. At 6 o'clock we received coffee—disguised hot water.

As soon as we received it we ate it to stop the pangs of hunger for a short period. At 12 o'clock we had a bowl of soup and that was our ration for the day. There were four large motor lorries which used to come every morning to take a working party out to the German aerodrome, repairing roads. Many went out to chance picking up cigarette ends or perhaps get a bit of food thrown amongst them as they passed by. But as time passed on the Huns got worse, and such things stopped happening. Then the lads refused to go. The Huns came into the barrack shouting their loudest, waving swords, and swinging rifles about. After this, our timid ones yielded, for the nearest ones to the door would be pounced on by the sentries, and he who refused then took his life in his own hands.

We were here until the middle of September, and during this fourteen days a gentleman, supposed to be the American Ambassador, came. There was no doubt about it that he was only a "make-up." He asked us how we were getting on, and we spoke our minds to him, and told him we were starving. He said that it couldn't be avoided here as there was so much difficulty with the transport. He only needed to use his eyes and he could see that we had nothing to wash ourselves with and nothing to eat out of only our tin helmets, with which we used to draw our soup and our coffee.

One night we were called on parade—all Englishmen (when I say "English," I mean the English-speaking soldiers). A rumour went around that it was a party to leave for Germany. We heard from different sources that on reaching the big

camps we could send letters home and get parcels through from our friends. Also that all our interests were seen into by the American Ambassador.

At 4 o'clock next morning we marched out of the Citadel to Cambrai Station, boarded a train, and in about two hours' time we came to our destination. We were messed about for an hour or two in the streets, the German officers shouting at the sentries, "putting the wind into them" properly. They at last found a place to put us in. It was an old building that had been used as a hay-shed for many years, and rubbish was nearly four feet deep. In this we were to sleep and five—150 of us. The sentries were placed at the door and also all round the place, and next morning we were all marched out into a field which was littered with sheaves and these had to be stood up again in stooks to dry.

But we had a bit of our own to say against this. We just walked past the sheaves and made for a turnip patch nearby, and five minutes afterwards every one of us had a big Swede inside his shirt and eating another. The sentries could do nothing and were trembling with fright. They were frightened of us and frightened of their superiors. On returning to the barn we asked to see an English-speaking officer, for we didn't intend to work unless we were fed. This all went in one ear and out the other. But still we were of no value to them, and after three days we were returned to Cambrai. We were still "chatty" and dirty, as the only water we were allowed to use was the stuff that drained from the manure heap in the yard. But we had to wash in something.

Just shortly after our return to the Citadel an old doctor came in, and I never heard a man in all my days come out with such a flow of language. He fairly roared at the officer in charge, and all the Huns were trembling in their pants. I heard "swine" mentioned, and made it my business to find out what he said, which briefly was that the officer's duty was to see that the place was clean. He came unexpectedly, and on going into the barracks saw the prisoners stripped to the waist killing vermin, and their bodies were marked all over. Other men were down with dysentery, and some were delirious. He called the place "nothing else but a bed of disease," and asked the officer if he wanted to spread it about, said it was fit only for pigs, and he'd report him without fail.

Next morning a fumigator arrived from the Cambrai Hospital, which was only next door to us, and we had our

clothes done. By this time we were beginning to show signs of starvation, and at the end of September we left Cambrai for Germany.

This was my first experience at the hands of the Hun.

DULMEN CAMP.

This camp was situated up in the north of Germany. It was well laid out and divided into groups. All new prisoners were placed into No. 3 until inoculated three times, vaccinated and fumigated. We came here 1st October, 1916, and everything we had was gone through by the censors. By this time we had very little.

From this enclosure we were taken to the bathroom, had our hair clipped, and were then sent over to the Isolation Camp.

Next morning a Sergeant-Major of an English regiment was sent in to take our particulars, such as regiment, where captured, and the date. We were given a card to send to our relatives, and after this there was general inspection.

There were some of the lads up for "strafe." One of these was an Australian. He had cut a blanket up for toe rags and puttees. This was a serious affair, so he was brought in our presence so as we wouldn't have the opportunity of saying that we didn't know the enormity of the offence. There was also a sergeant in the Flying Corps up for refusing to give his boots to the Huns. He said they were his own property, and he was entitled to keep them. But he had to give them up.

We saw the parcels coming from the stations each day, but we were told that it would be eight weeks before we would get any. So we just had to see it through; but it took some doing! Any of the lads will tell you how he broke up.

Only a prisoner can explain what starvation is, and what a man will do if it's only for such a thing as a carrot, a Swede turnip, or a cabbage leaf! These things were eaten, skin and all, and immensely enjoyed! Walking round looking for cigarette ends with a little tin, we thought ourselves lucky if we found two or three "butts." That was a smoke for eight men, and everyone would have a draw.

After being inoculated three times and vaccinated, we went before a doctor. We were marked fit for working, though hardly fit to stand on our legs. We were then shifted into Group 1. On our arrival there, we very soon learnt that a

prisoner of war becomes a very hard man. Your luck is in if you are fortunate to get your parcels through. You will not find many who are willing to assist you when you are down and out. There are some who will stick to you, and here was the place to test them.

After the time we landed here a lot of those who were captured in the early days had themselves "dug in" (as the old saying goes). These were in good jobs, and had things in very good order to bundle out of sight of working parties. Those were the most affected by the conditions hunger had driven them to.

We tried every way to get out of work, because we had no strength to do it, and knew perfectly well that we would require all that was left in us to see the thing out until we got relief from those whom we were willing to stand the test for. And as you go through these pages you will see in what way we did our bit. Whether our men were strong enough or not, out they went into the huge slave factories of Germany. And when once outside and put to work as long as they could stand on their feet they must work. Those are two main words in German. "Must" is the biggest word in the German language, and "arbeit" is work, and that they glory in. They are born with the word in their mouth, and when they die it is printed on their tombstones: "He was a good 'arbeiter'!"

WULFRATH.

This name echoed all over Germany, and was recognised by prisoners of war and also sentries as one of the worst kommandos in Germany in 1917. It was a large stone quarry, well in the heart of Germany. When once there, you were there to remain until such time as you were of no more use.

It was managed by a brute with the heart of a slave driver, and everyone who was under him was treated as a dog. In peace days no one would work for him only Italians. To help him along, convicts were also brought there from the neighbouring prisons. There was (as in all other big works in Germany) a canteen attached to it, and this fellow was the controller of the people's rations around that district. Most of these were Italians who stayed there after war was declared because some of them feared to return to their own country. Others were tied down by large families and had to remain.

The big boarding house was turned into a barracks, and as

many prisoners as it was possible to cram together were stuffed into the rooms. There were big steel bars built into the windows when the place was erected, so it took very little fixing up for his slave traffic. Barbed wire and netting were attached, and these were alive with electricity.

The sentries were posted all round the building, and came in during the night to make a count to see that all was correct. But the main drawback attached to this place was the difficulty of obtaining a compass or a map. It was impossible because the Italians were too much afraid to be bribed. You would have a much easier task with any nationality other than these—even with the Hun.

The men who took check of the waggons were lunatics who were unfit for anything else but to count about ten waggons, and they were checked by others over them. So everyone was a boss, and one tried to cut the other man's throat. From morning to night throughout Germany that is the custom. If you are a slave-driver you will get on, providing you have a good voice for shouting; for whoever shouts the loudest in Germany wins.

We arrived here just at the time when Germany was beginning to find out that she was getting run out of laborers, and the only thing was to get more work out of the prisoners than she was getting. The sentries were given the order that both they and we must stay out until such time as the work was done.

This is how they started on my arrival in the beginning of November, 1916, with ten other Australians and thirty Englishmen. We found forty other Englishmen there, mostly prisoners of the years 1914-15. A large number of these were Maubeuge heroes; also some who are better known by the prisoners than anybody else—those who would sell their mother, let alone their country. And when they landed in Germany they started, a large number of them, almost immediately in the money-making way, forgetting, or not taking time to think that they could do nothing better to assist the enemy. The Germans encouraged this by giving an advance on every waggon you did. For the first waggon you received 30 pfennigs; for the second, 50; and then an advance of 50 pfennigs after the third waggon.

The English would not work in spite of all that they did, and most of them had spent the majority of their time under arrest. They very soon gave us the tip as to what the Germans' game was. So we stuck to them, and so did the

Russians, but the majority of the French would not stick to us.

The Germans then said we were to fill four waggon's per day. This was in November, 1916. We told them that we couldn't do them—and another thing, we wouldn't!

So this Muller, the Director, reported the under-officer to the camp as being too lenient with the prisoners, and a shell-shocked lunatic was sent in his place. A few marks were placed in his hands. He was to do anything at all with the prisoners as long as he got them to fill the four waggon's, but that must be done.

So this individual would try and make as much show as possible in front of this brute's house. First of all, with the sick. He would come out with his sword dragging on the ground behind him, because he wasn't tall enough to keep it off the ground, and with the aid of some sentry he would inspect the sick. Sickness was no excuse, however. You must have something to show with this fellow, either a hand or a foot crushed, finger off, or boils all over you. Otherwise, you would get a belting with the rifle, with six or more sentries waiting to get a kick or poke at you, knowing that you couldn't beat the lot. You would have to be prepared to stand your ground, and it was nine chances out of ten against you whether he would let you go then to the doctor, who was also bribed to give as many as possible work. You had to be a very serious case before you got marked "off duty;" and if your temperature was at the fever mark you might get a pill and two days' "light duty." This was cleaning up the canteen or helping in the kitchen to cut up the swedes for dinner.

On the 15th of November Sunday work was brought into force, but we swore that we wouldn't work in any case on a Sunday. The prisoners refused to leave the canteen at first, but the French being in the majority wanted us to go outside and stick together. This we did, and absolutely refused to go into the workshops or quarries. So, after all, the effort to try and force us apart was unsuccessful. We were marched all in one body out into one quarry. The winter was just commencing, and we were kept away from all possible shelter, and received no more food that day but our bread.

As they punished us by taking our Sunday's rest from us, we absolutely intended not to work until an officer was sent from Fredrichsfeld Camp. So we were marched up on to a

hill where the freezing winds blew through our bones, for that was almost all that was left of us. We had not received any parcels through, for we were shifted from Dulmen just as our parcels were beginning to arrive. After three days' strike, "Ginger," the officer from Fredrichsfeld arrived. Sentries trembled at the sight of him. He ordered us to be separated into different groups: the French in one section, the Russians in another, and the English in a third. Speaking to the French first, he told them that unless they went straight back he would stop their biscuits for three months, and also their parcels. With that the Frogs began to dwindle away, and when they started the sentries kept them on the move. The Russians, then, had nothing else to do but go also.

Then the officer spoke to his beloved English, and this is what he said: "As for you swine, I will bring a company here to shoot you down if I have any more trouble with you!" Then Anderson (our own interpreter) chipped in and told him what we were there for, and what we sent for him for. He told him that we had complaints to make, and wished the officer to take them to the General at Fredrichsfeld. The officer agreed to take our complaint back in writing on condition that we went back to work. So we went, but, no thanks to the Frogs, we got our complaint through.

Then word came through that we must work every second Sunday, and that if there was a holiday during the week we must work a Sunday to make up for it.

Now the English were giving more trouble than all the rest, and were a hindrance to the remainder, putting waggons off the rails so as to delay the others from coming in. So the Germans sent forty back to Fredrichsfeld and other Frenchmen were sent in their place. Then the Germans made another "offensive." This was first directed against the Russians. Prisoners were taken in at 7 o'clock and the Russians had to remain until they finished their waggons, but they refused to put another stone in, and all the sentries went down and belted into them with fork handles and sticks, breaking them on the Russians' backs. This happened every day for about a week. Then they tried it with us; but not so much of the stick racket. We refused to put a stone in after it was time to go in. So we stood out till 10 and 11 a night in the frost and snow all that severe winter of 1916--the coldest winter for the last twenty years.

The under officer was changed again. The sentries were beginning to break up also. So others were sent, every one of whom was bribed to get more work out of the prisoners. They received half a mark to force us to do four waggons. Then, to assist them, an order was given that when prisoners were finished loading four waggons they could go into the canteen. This the French jumped at, and in a very short time we were left in the quarries "on our own," only for the Russians, and they stuck to us faithfully.

Just a few days before Christmas our first parcels arrived. We had arranged long before they came that we as Australians would not be like the English in the way that a lot of them have of showing comradeship—they wouldn't see you hungry, they would sooner turn their backs! And these things hit very hard, especially under the circumstances, when men should stick together. A lot of those old soldiers forgot the pangs of hunger that they felt when they were forced to live on German soup, or slop, alone.

Now, before going any further, I may just as well explain exactly what occurred. We landed here on this working party just fit to lie down and die instead of swing a fifteen-pound hammer to break stones. And these fellows were drawing an unlimited supply of parcels, some from as many as two or three different societies. They were living well, and they wouldn't even draw the German soup and give it to the other men. That meant that we had to either go out very little the better of having a meal at all, or go round the table and get whatever the Frenchmen left. And that is how I was forced to knock into an old soldier, or one supposed to be. All I have to say is that if some of them were soldiers, thank God we have a navy!

I was sitting at the table next to one of these gentlemen one morning, and his two comrades were sitting opposite. When some of the lads arose to get a bit of buckshee from the French one of the three passed the remark: "What a disgrace for our Englishmen to do this in the eyes of the French." Yet these same persons of whom I am speaking handed their soup over to their Russian batmen in preference to men even from their own town. There was one of our own lads amongst those he was alluding to, so I spoke my own language to him—not polite English! And it rather upset him, too. He started to get out of his seat but I was up sooner, and I gave him one to set the ball rolling, but the

contest was brought to a very sudden conclusion because the sentries rushed on the scene.

This same lad of ours proved to have more guts inside him than all the rest that were there, for six months after he left Wulrath he escaped and got over the border in August, 1917. He came from Western Australia. He did more than those who belittled him would do if they were in Germany for another two years.

Now, I must say something about the parcels, for there is no doubt that it was the parcels that brought us here to-day. It is impossible for me to write what feelings have come over me when I have thought to myself what praise is due to our Red Cross Society and everybody connected with it. Not only by the food and clothes that they sent to us and which helped us in demoralising the Germans, but also for the beautiful letters that we received from Miss Chomley, the Secretary, which were a credit to our people. Although our people were aware that such a society existed as the Australian Red Cross, there are very few who actually know the amount of work that has been done by them. Even a German officer told me one day that our Red Cross Society was the finest organisation in the world.

As I have said before, most prisoners formed a "school"—two or more men sharing their parcels according to the size of their cooking utensils. In my case, three men of my own Company, who left Australia with me and were well known by all in "A Company," shared our parcels in this way, and we had not been together for over two years without it having a very strong effect on us. We were proper mates! We had been through the same hardships together, and were never away from our Company. We spent four months together on Gallipoli in the same part of the trenches. And although many people don't know really the feeling of pride that each Battalion has of itself, we had this well imbedded into us, and soldiers are the only ones who really understand what it is when a man who has been with you from the time you left drops or is blown to pieces. When you return to the back it's then you miss them most. You see the Battalion lined up and you talk about different comrades, and then you hear where they were wounded or how they died, and although they are away from you, you never forget them.

It was impossible to write to them, for we were only allowed to send two letters a month from Germany, and they had to go through a very strict censor, and many letters were written in vain, for that was one of the ways the Hun got a little bit of spite in by tearing or burning our letters and photographs from home.

On seeing this, we weren't very particular whether we got them through or not. So we told the truth and said what the conditions were like, and what we classed the Hun as! And it was one of these letters that caused me to be very closely watched, as I will tell you later on. But all these things made us better pals, for we knew that some of us would come through; and although we were in the enemy's hands and at his mercy, we held our own as far as it was possible, and gave him as much trouble as we could by getting some of them sent to the firing line, and others of the sentries put under arrest. There was always a way of doing that, but, of course, you had to watch your chance. It only happened on very rare occasions at Wulfrath.

Christmas Day, 1916. My mates were fortunate to get some parcels through just a few days before Christmas, so we saved as much as possible so as to make it as merry a Christmas as possible in our circumstances, and we turned out some queer dishes.

I was developing a poisoned hand at the time. It was a beauty, and my arm was swelled to the elbow. Two days after I went to the doctor (butcher?), and that was the time you went through your drill, especially when they had a chance to torture you. He pulled my arm about for a while and I was keeping my temper down as long as I could. Then, when he had squeezed it all over he got hold of the knife, and, thank goodness, that was over. He marked me "Fredrichsfeld," but I was never sent there. But I had learned the way to keep the hand good for inspection, and I kept away from the stone quarries for fourteen weeks; so I missed most of the winter. There was still a lot of men staying out until 7 o'clock, but after fighting our gaolers so long, and seeing that our number was getting fewer each day, we had to remain out many a night till 10 or 11 o'clock, if the sentries wanted to give us extra punishment. So in the end we considered it best to do them. There wasn't a Frenchman left in No. 2, and that allowed the sentries to relieve each other and come out as a double guard for us. As soon as the winter was over this order came from the General at Fred-

richsfeld: "Five waggons a day," and to carry this through all the sentries were called in and new ones came in their place. A house was fitted up nearby, and we were sent an officer to enforce the order. He came at twenty minutes to 1 o'clock, and within five minutes of his coming he had a Russian thrown on his face, his sword swinging about, and a Scotch lad standing near voiced his disgust in a few short but hot English swear-words. Then the officer flew at him. But it would be useless to strike back—they would tear you limb from limb. He lined us up on returning from the quarry that same night, and told us we would have it as rough as we wanted it; that there was a certain number of waggons to be done, and we could remain out until such time as they were finished. Finally, after asking us did we understand, we were dismissed. Then the Kommando was made a hell on earth!

There was no excuse or no getting out of it; you had to do six waggons a day. But this was impossible. The men were breaking up with the strain, and with not sufficient food to do it on. So they put their hands under the waggons and let them be run over; their feet likewise. They scratched their legs with stones and put stuff on to poison them—anything at all to get away from this Kommando.

A lot of people wonder who was responsible for these crimes that the Germans committed. The prisoners know, and could bring thousands to book. But every German has the same hate for the English, so they are all responsible.

Because nobody was considered by them, rain or fair, they made us stop in the quarries and many a lad was disabled through falling stones. Others, through being too weak to work, were knocked down with the rifle. Parcels were stolen, and our bread left until it was impossible to do anything with it. Red Cross medical comforts were also kept from those they were intended for, and the English were allowed to rot before getting treatment; and then, instead of being given our own medicine and bandages we were given German paper bandages and other rubbish.

FREDRICHSFELD CAMP.

I left Wulfrath on the 26th August, 1917. This was the first time I had seen anybody for ten months except those who happened to be guarding us and, of course, a few hundred starving prisoners, including the civilians. I caught

the train at a place called Flandershack, and I arrived at the camp after a four hours' train journey.

I was taken round from one officer to another, and all my belongings were impounded. After that I was told to report to the English S.M. at the English barracks.

I had been told on leaving my old pals to inform the Help Committee as to the conditions existing there, and especially as to parcels which went astray; also to report a bag lying at the Kommando belonging to a lad of my own battalion, who had had his arm broken and through neglect was maimed for life. Some of the British were never out of the camp, and to keep an easy job there was some very mean work done. You could see it done every day.

Sometimes on arriving at a camp you might happen to find a parcel at the office for you. If not, you gave your name into the Help Committee and if you didn't receive anything of your own within two days of your arrival you would get a "hand-out" there. That is, after all your records were looked up, and they almost looked down your throat to see when you had your last bit!

At this time the Australians weren't in the running, and we weren't loved, either; for we spoke our minds straight out even to some of our English fellow-prisoners.

I got tired of slipping out of the windows at the doctor's room, and dodging parades during the day, so I told the S.-M. that I would go with a Scotchman boiling water for the troons. This was old "Mac," who was a mate of mine at Wulfrath.

During my stay here I was told of a Frenchman who was a good pal to the Aussies. He was employed in the Records Office, and had very good opportunities at his own risk to make himself useful to us by his knowledge. He had been interested in some of the mines where I had been employed before the war. He told me that I was on reserve for that party, and that I must lie low in camp until he saw an opportunity to get me away. By this time I was getting my parcels through, and all was going fairly well. We always got the latest news from the new arrivals and camp life then was nothing so much to growl about, only—only—that you were a prisoner.

Two months after my arrival I was told that the Frenchman wanted to see me. So I went to his barrack, and he told me that he had a good place for me to go to from

where "Snowy" West had got over the border on his second attempt to escape.

Next morning after inspection I was passed as "fit," and told to pack up my things, and I was searched.

The following morning we caught the train at Fredrichsfeld—twenty-one of us, six English and fifteen French. We alighted at a place called Dinslarke, where we were met by our new slave driver, Josh Kampos. He resided at Eppinhoyan, and hired from Fredrichsfeld about two hundred prisoners. Some of these he hired out to neighboring farmers, others to the Zelstote paper factory, at Walsum, six miles from his house.

ZELSTOTE PAPER FACTORY, WALSUM.

Kampos sent one of the old Frenchmen to meet us at the station with a hand-cart for our boxes, and after stacking as many on this as it would hold, walked alongside of us evening us up and down, from the top of our heads down to our boots, and after walking about two miles we reached his home. We were met at the gate by the sentry, who had full control of the prisoners. This was the "Blackfellow," who will be mentioned in many of the following pages. After he had counted us he gathered the papers from the sentries and tried to make himself an important sort of individual. On entering the barracks, I came across one of our own boys, the only Aussie on the job, known as "Old Mac." He came from Dubbo, and was out of work, having boils all over his arm. He had a mate with him who was expecting to go into the prison that night, for he was caught after being at large for several days making a bid for freedom. A fine little chap he was, and a credit to the "King's Own Hussars." Mac made us a drink of tea, and we had a feed. I told him all the latest news from the camp. We were just enjoying a good talk when the "Blackfellow" came in and called out for the farmers to step aside. The remainder of us were sent back to the camp to get blankets and other things we should have brought with us, as this was only a new working party and wasn't properly equipped. So we returned to Fredrichsfeld and were loaded up, and returned to our new Kommander.

Next morning we were awakened from our dreams at 5 o'clock by "Darky," and a pot of coffee made of burnt barley was brought in, but before we had time to get any down our throats he was shouting at us to "fall in." Of course, we

took no notice of him. We said "let him shout, it won't hurt him." But when he started to foam at the mouth and his eyes stuck out like a dog's in convulsions the Frogs showed their true colours again and lined up outside. Then, seeing we were on our own, we made our way out also. We marched up to the factory, where we arrived about half-past 7. We were then handed to the foreman, named by the English "Bubbles." He was a German-Jew with a long parrot beak and the German colours sewn on his arm for protection. In case some of you don't know them, they are red, white, and black. This means that he is protected by the Military Authorities, and authorised to carry fire-arms, and anyone striking him will go up for striking a sentry. All civilians in care of prisoners have revolvers, but most of them were more frightened of them than we were when put to the test.

He sorted the Frenchmen out for different jobs inside the factory to work with the women, also others for the smithy, and other parts, and what was left of us he gave to another civilian, called "Hoppy" by us, for he had a wooden leg. By the time this was done it was "coffee drinking," which is at 8 o'clock every morning, on all working parties, till half-past 8. On this place it was breakfast-time for us, and we always made a meal of it. On coming into the shed we met the remainder of our new comrades that were living at the factory. There were about thirty English and the remainder French and Russian. We very soon noticed that they seemed to be separated into two parties. We learnt afterwards that one of these parties came about two months after the other lot and the "Blackfellow" had the "wind" up against them. The new lot, on seeing this, started to make the pace and gave the "Blackfellow" some bother, and he was driven mad altogether, and directly you will see how we tamed a lion.

The "Blackfellow" was one of those people you have to watch. Sometimes he wasn't responsible for his actions. This disposition was shown sometimes in his way of dealing with the sick. If you wanted to see the doctor, you had to report the night before, and if you saw the doctor and got no days off, in other words, "arbeit," which means "work," he would go up to the factory with you and stay with you to make you work till either 8 or 9 o'clock to make your time up. Then he would have to walk down to Eppenhoven with you at night—six miles.

The first of us to get sick was an Irishman. He didn't report to "Darky" the night before, so there was trouble. He was lying in bed when the "Blackfellow" came in. He demanded to see the doctor, and "Darky" flew at him with the bayonet and belted him wherever he could get a blow at him. Foster, by putting his arm up to protect his head, had it fractured at the elbow, and then "Darky" got into a terrible temper and cried "mutiny." Then the guards came and put an end to the disturbance. I took occasion afterwards to make a few remarks to "Darky" on the want of civilisation and humanity amongst Germans, winding up by telling him that Germany would soon be on her knees. The working-girls were listening, but he didn't say another word till night. I frightened him for good and all, because I told him he had said things about the Fatherland that meant him losing his job. And we had him at our mercy, for he knew perfectly well the English would keep to their word.

We tried to keep our end up with the guards, and if the Germans said "Germany over all," we used to say: "No; England over Germany." At the time I am speaking of Germany was feeling the strain more and more each day, and every day looked blacker for her. She had no food and no men left in her works fit for active service. The factories were filled with civilian prisoners and prisoners of war, and German women, both young and old, who were forced to work like slaves.

It was our time now to prove we were "top dog," and with the aid of the Red Cross we helped to demoralise the German public.

We were clothed well by our own people with a uniform every six months, all good warm underclothing and boots, and a parcel of food was sent every five days from our Red Cross, and bread or biscuits every week from Switzerland, paid for by the Red Cross also. And we didn't forget to hit the Germans as hard as we could. We made them give us the usual amount of carrots or swedes that we were entitled to, although we just drew them to give to the Russians. And while we had a tin of stew or a bit of bacon for dinner, each German girl was walking through the factory yard with a raw carrot in her hand, chewing it and enjoying it just the same as we did in 1916. We told them that in 1914 and 1915 they had treated us just the same, and laughed at us. But he who laughs last laughs the best.

To add to this we told them that we would tell the world over their crimes, and they would be treated in every country alike as not worthy of the ground they stood on.

I could understand all that the Germans were talking about but didn't let them know that I understood only when it suited myself. We told them as far back as 1916 that they couldn't hold the line on the Somme or the Western Front after all the preparations they had there which took them two years to make, and which were blown into dust in so short a time around Pozieres in 1916. There is no doubt it was a surprise to the Germans to think that those defences were of so little resistance. A German officer asked me: "Is England not tired of the war?" and I told him we were just starting! Then the grin left his face. We kept our hearts up and believed that our country would surely win, but the Frenchies lost whatever hope they ever had through reading a leaflet that the Germans circulated full of lies to break up their belief in their people and country.

Our factory was situated on the banks of the Rhine at Walsum, and the paper manufactured was made from timber brought here in barges from Poland and Russia. There were twelve men working on the boat, who were supposed to fill a certain amount each day. This was the best party of men I ever saw in Germany to stick together. They filled their waggons by the watch, and never filled one faster than another, and were like clock-work. When they had a rack of ten filled the girls used to couple them up and pull them up the yard with a winch, and the engine would take them away into the yard where another ten men stacked them up.

I was employed with ten other prisoners loading for the factory's use in another yard altogether. We were supposed to load thirty waggons a day; that was to keep the factory going. The wood was in sixfoot lengths, and two saw benches were to be kept going by us. When they were needed the engine would come and cart them away.

The paper made in the factory was used in Germany for everything in the clothing line for the previous two years, and boots, laces, string, and bandages for the wounded were made from it. It took the place of leather altogether, and such a thing as cloth was not to be had, just as rubber was not to be had anywhere.

Now, I had been at this factory a fortnight, and we were told by the other lads that the motor used to bring them

back and forwards from Eppinhoven when they were down there. So we went round to the manager and told him that it was too far to walk, that we were on our legs from five in the morning till after seven at night; and that if he wanted us to work at all he would have to see that some alterations were made. Otherwise, there would be less done than at present. However, he arranged for us to come by the electric trams. This, no doubt, saved our legs, but it made no difference to the hours.

The Germans were at this time in difficulties with their machine repairs. All their skilled men had gone to one or the other of the war fronts, and the repairs had to be done by prisoners' labour. This is where I want to point out that the Frenchmen did not "play the game."

When they were asked as to their occupations in civil life they gave themselves away, and such of them as were qualified were placed in the smithy, the carpenters' shop, and other places where skilled labour was required. We, on the contrary, were called "swine," and were always at loggerheads with the Germans, and sometimes with the French, because we had always to be "made" to do all that we did do. The sentries were compelled to stand over us, and if they started any pranks we went slower. And if they didn't get the work done they were, if not too old, sent to the Western Front; and by this time they were not too fond of fighting for the Fatherland. Their one hope was that of making peace with Russia. Many false alarms went abroad, and flags flew from every mast on the factories and workshops.

I was having one of my own back on the "Blackfellow" one morning by reporting sick when I wasn't really sick. It was done more to see what he really would do, because for four days running he had to take someone to the doctor, and two of these had got work and that meant he wasn't getting much rest. So I made the fifth. He was in a lovely temper this morning, and when we got outside the gate he asked my complaint. I told him I was vomiting all the time and feverish and had a headache. He said "you have too much conserves." And then "opened out on him" because that was always the cry when an Englishman reported sick. It was true I had received parcels some days before but I hadn't drawn a tin out since I put them in the room under his guard. It was the custom to hand all tins over to the officer in charge, and he was to open them to see there were

no compasses or maps in them. You drew them out at their convenience, not yours, on many occasions. But bad and all as the "Blackfellow" was, he had one good point; you could get them any time at all if he was there. If he wasn't in the room he would lock his dog in and if anyone went near the door it would very soon give "Darky" the warning. I would have poisoned it if I had got a chance.

Now, I had a tin of boiled bacon, and it was enough to keep a man going for five days, with bread. So I asked "Darky" was that too much for a man. Then he said it was extra work for him to go up to the factory and back again. On reaching the doctor's I was pretty warm, because we had walked fairly fast. I pulled off my shirt and poked my tongue out before a glass to see if the coating of mustard was still on it, and then went into the doctor's room. He was civil and asked me what was wrong. I told him I had a feverish headache and couldn't keep my food down. "Darky" was just going to chip in when the doctor said "Fever; ten days in bed," and gave "Darky" the paper to take to the chemist for my powders. These cost Josh Kamps four marks, and three marks more for the doctor—seven marks; and he lost five marks a day for each day I was off. On the road back from the doctor's "Darky" was telling me that Russia was asking for peace, and when the Germans came off that front it was "look out" for the English on the West.

At this time this was all the talk on the trams, and we were beginning to get to know something. Every German used to look at us bewildered. To see us coming to work in the morning carrying an enamel bowl with a piece of Swiss bread sticking out of the side, a tin of bacon (which we used to fry on the ashes at the factory at 8 o'clock); a little drop of condensed milk, and some tea and sugar, all ready to show them at a minute's notice that they were only fed by the lies of their press. They couldn't help but voice their opinions, for every day living was getting worse and poor. They never knew the taste of coffee, cocoa, or tea since 1916 to my knowledge, for all they had then was burnt acorns. In 1917 it was burnt barley.

I was longing for the winter to be over so as I could make a bid for freedom and tell my people and others just the full state of affairs in the Hun-land, and I was determined to do my utmost to get there.

WE PLAN TO ESCAPE.

Now, in March, 1918, a fresh hope of German victory broke out, and by the paper talk 500,000 prisoners were taken in France, and on the English front at that! The flags hung from the house windows down to the ground celebrating the victory. But it soon finished, and with very sore results, for every school or large building around where I was was crammed full of wounded, and although we were in the hands of the Hun we heard his casualties were 800,000. Soon after this (in March, 1918) I found a new pal amongst twenty who had just arrived. This was "Belgy," who was captured in a hospital near Brussels when the Germans took that city. He said he wouldn't stop very long, and I told him I was ready to skip the next time our parcels came. That same week we shifted up to the factory.

There was a Scotch lad whom I knew at Wulfrath working on a farm near here in connection with the Kommando. He had brought a compass with him hidden in a loaf of bread. A compass was valuable to a man in Germany who had heart enough to try to escape. This lad left the compass in charge of an Englishman who was sick, and I made known our intention of escaping only to those who would be likely to "give it a try."

I told Mac about our intentions, but he was too sick to think of trying to escape, so I got Mac's home address and made up my mind to go there should I be lucky enough to get clear; and the character I could give Mac would be a comfort to his people. I asked one favour of Mac; that was if I went under just to write to my wife and tell her my fate. That was all I wanted him to do.

Now, as Mac couldn't come, I told another lad whom I had faith in, named Mellington, who had been at Wulfrath. He agreed readily. We procured a map, or the loan of one, from a prisoner whom Mac knew well, and made a tracing of the part which we expected to be useful to us. But when I had it finished Mellington had got another map, so I planted the copy which I had made in the barrack wall, hoping that some day some other fellow would find it and use it.

We were to attempt to escape on Sunday night when all were supposed to be asleep. "Belgy" broke one of the window panes, using wet towels to break the sound, and started to twist the iron bar, but the towels gave way ("Belgy was twisting them round the bar with a bit of stick as a lever), and I thought I had never heard such a din before. Everything had

calmed down, and we were having another go at it when we heard footsteps. "Belgy" put the glass back hurriedly, but a gust of wind blew it down. Old Soupy (the sentry) evidently heard, for he switched on the lights in his room to look at the time. We gave up and went to bed as it was now about meal-time for the night-shift, and there were too many about.

I thought out another plan of escape, and I had to let a Frenchman "into the know." I wanted a fine saw for sawing iron, and he was able to procure me a broken one.

Our next attempt was to be the following Sunday night at the same hour. During this week another lad came to me when no one was about. This was "Marshie," of the King's Own Hussars, who had tried three times, to my knowledge, for freedom. He told me that he and a mate were ready to go on the same night as we did. But they didn't want to come the same road as we had planned, for they liked the other side of the Rhine best; it was shorter, and he had been that way before, though he had been caught ten miles from Holland. I told him he was welcome to come.

It was the custom every Sunday that all those who were not wanted for night shift Sunday night, and all those not working on Sunday, had to march down to Eppinhoven under the eyes of the "Blackfellow," and then he used to pay us our six marks for our week's labour.

Our money was made of cardboard, and was of no use anywhere but at Kamp's canteen; and he had nothing to sell only watches and rubbish, so money was of no value to us. We were only dragged down to give us something to do so as we wouldn't have a rest. So in the end it was only done for spite and nothing else. We used to swank down the road English leading, and all in step, singing English songs, such as "Sons of the Sea," "Rule Britannia," "Tipperary," and anything that was a good song to keep marching to. The Frenchmen brought their biscuits with them so as to show the Germans along the road that France was not starving yet.

That same day I received a letter from the mother of a well-known lad who was highly esteemed and known in my battalion, and who fell at Mouquet Farm.

WE TRY AGAIN.

We arrived back to the factory at 6 o'clock that night in April. When the boys had had tea and the sentries were in

their room, I started on one of the bars with the saw, sawing it close to the wall so as it wouldn't be noticed. I could see it was a long job, so I kept at it until my fingers ached, and the others took their turn until the camp concert came to an end, and they were all coming into the barrack. We had everything ready, and we went to bed. The sentry came and counted us, and inside an hour all was still. The lights were all out, and everyone was quiet, so we got out and finished our job. After shaking hands with old Mac, I left at half-past 12 with Dave Mellington on my first bid for freedom. We crossed over the factory yard down to the bank of the Rhine in the darkness. Then we set out on the course we had chosen.

We had not gone a mile when we reached the first wood. On this errand it's "cross everything that comes in your path." You must walk through the thickest of bush and through all water, for on a job like this time is golden. I was paying particular attention to "Belgy," for he was taking the lead at this time, and at last he brought us out in the wrong direction altogether. Majority rules in Australia, and it was decided that I should take the compass and lead the way. It wasn't a case of like it or dislike it; it was given to me, and I accepted it.

We made our objective, the right of Dinslaken, the first night, and lay down in a wood, wet through from the water which we had shaken off the bushes as well as that which we had waded through. We didn't sleep that night, for our feet were frozen and our teeth were chattering, till nearly five o'clock.

When five o'clock sounded in Germany, you had to lie low, for at that hour most people arose and started to prepare for their work, which began at six o'clock in the morning, winter and summer and finished at 6 o'clock in the evening. At daylight we got up; but to move then was impossible. We heard the voices and whistles all day long of the shunters that were working nearby at a siding.

In the closing hours of the evening we heard footsteps approaching. On looking up we saw a German only a yard or two away from us. There was no need to tell him what we were, for he could see. In another hour it would be nightfall, and once dark we would be right. But this one might be a good German, although I have never seen one before. Then the man spoke: "I have come in here for feed for my rabbits. I have no right here myself. Stay where you

are. I will say nothing to anybody that I have seen you." But we didn't believe him, so we went away into another part of the wood as soon as he was out of sight. The darkness was coming over nicely, and it was then 10 o'clock. We delayed another half-hour to allow the Germans to get properly to bed and their houses in darkness, for we had no idea when we might have cause to go in between some of them or only pass their windows by a matter of a few yards.

Our military training was now of great value to us. When crossing gardens or any worked ground at all each man stepped into the same footprints that the first man had made. Now out of the wood we crept, and when once out in the open made the pace until we got well out of the danger zone. Then we were free again, and we marched on nicely that night, and when we got about two miles from where we had left the houses were not so thick, and we made good progress. We expected to reach a river that night, called the Lip. This river was the halt of hundreds of men who attempted to get away from Hun-land, for sentries were posted at all the bridges, a patrol went along its banks, and it was considered that when over the Lip you had a chance.

Now, although we had made good headway the second night, and travelled about eleven miles, we did not come to it, and we had travelled across the roughest country I had ever been over. There were long weeds up to our knees, on land which had been irrigation blocks many years ago. The drains were about a foot deep. We just had to guess where they were and every now and then we would put our foot into them and jolt the last bit of energy out of our bones. It being now four o'clock, we took advantage of cover and lay down to rest. At eleven o'clock we opened a tin of condensed milk, and had a drink of milk and water and a biscuit or two also; but of these we didn't have many, for this was the small ration we left with. I had two tins of Nestles and three pounds of biscuits and one tin of cocoa. The cocoa and milk we all had to share in, but each man had to make his biscuits run out.

We had a look at our maps, and thought that we should not be far from the river now, for from Dinslaken we travelled north-east so as to get away from Friedrichsfeld camp and the country around, because the rifle range and artillery ranges were in that sector. We had a grand rest and were not disturbed that day. We had another spell and a better day

than we had the day before, and we could stand up and move about freely in this camp.

On the third night after our escape we started off again at 10 o'clock and had been walking until we came to a road which, by the look of it, led to a place of importance. There was water by the side of the road, and while the lads were drinking I noticed a bicycle rider coming towards us. Without a word we lay down flat, and he passed right by and didn't see us. By the look of the cape he was wearing, he was a policeman, and we watched him get out of sight and then we crossed the road and continued. I thought we deserved a rest, so when we reached a hedge we had one, and also a puff of a cigarette, keeping it smothered with one hand. After proceeding a little further we espied water, and a few minutes later found that we had reached the river at last. We saw a boat a little distance up the stream, but we tried in vain to unfasten it from the mooring, to which it was secured by an iron chain and bolt, so we slipped off our clothes and on attempting to enter the water we found it was too cold to wade.

We went up towards the house and took a gate off its hinges and carried this down, but we could not get enough timber to carry our weight. The time was creeping on and on, and looking at the watch we decided to take cover and make a fresh work of it the following night. So we walked about a mile and a half along the bank in a westerly direction and came to a plantation where we gathered some leaves to cover us and lay down. At daylight we found we were only a short distance from the house, and we could hear the kiddies talking and all that was going on. We were glad when the day was over. That night we left at 11 o'clock.

On reaching the boat we found to our surprise that the nut which secured it had been oiled, and we could easily screw it off with our fingers. Putting an overcoat into the boat to lay the chain on, we got into it ourselves. Our oar was a long stick, and we let the boat drift down the stream out of sight from the house, and then rocked it over bit by bit to the other side, very nearly capsizing it at the same time. We came across a field of young turnips and filled our pockets with them, and also had a feed at the same time to save our biscuits. Thus we kept on going every day until we came to the last place we were to rest as fugitives. This was a plantation of pine trees only eight miles from Holland and freedom!

We reached here five nights after we left the factory, and as we were so near the border we made sure of good cover. There was a lot of dry grass about, and this we laid in the drain and left some handy to cover ourselves over with at daylight so no one would see us. This was at 2 o'clock, and at 4 o'clock it rained, soaking us to the skin, and there we lay nineteen hours, until 10 o'clock on Sunday night, when we made towards the border.

We left the plantation at 10 o'clock and tried to miss as many dogs as possible because these brutes had already taught us a lesson, for as you pass every house a dog would bark, which awakened the dog at the next house and as soon as you came in sight he was waiting to greet you.

RE-TAKEN.

It was 1 o'clock in the dead of night on the 15th of April, 1918, when we came to a road on the other side of which was a wood two hundred yards in length. On looking to the left we noticed a light, and knowing we had better not raise any alarm we decided to go to the right of the wood instead of going through and making our presence known. These are the last few yards we did go, for on cutting across the corner the sentry heard the sticks cracking under our feet. He was eight yards from where I was standing when he covered me with his rifle, then with a terribly nervous voice he shouted: "Halt, or I shoot." No sooner had he got the words out of his mouth when he blew his whistle for the other sentries to close in on us. Then he fired a shot in the air to turn out the guard further back so as they could take us over.

Now, this is where all the trouble lay, and shows how you pay for experience. We found on getting back to head-quarters that we had gone through two lines of sentries and that the sentry who captured us was the third and the last!

And twenty yards further on was Holland!

Note.—It will be of interest to the reader to learn that we were ultimately successful in escaping. The second part of the story of our experiences will probably be published shortly.

MEMORIES.

Buried in the hillside
Within sound of the rolling tide
Hundreds of gallant Anzacs
Are lying side by side.
They have won a lasting glory
With the final price they've paid,
But is it right now for me
To share in the name they made.

They shed their blood for freedom,
And their souls are now at rest.
O, merciful God, our Father,
He must have known the best.
And the mothers of Australia
May acclaim the zeal of fame,
But no one but the Anzac
Can acclaim that honored name.

As my thoughts drift o'er the ocean
To my comrades I have lost,
I picture in my sadness
The little wooden cross;
It's the only little token
Of respect that can be laid
Upon the graves of Anzacs—
The best men God ever made.



A SOLDIER'S KISS.

I heard a wonderful tale to-day,
As I talked with a friend or two--
Will you not pause on your busy way,
And I will tell it to you?
At Anzac their lay a soldier lad,
By cruel disease laid low,
Wistful his face with a longing sad,
A sorrow that none might know.
It spoke in the gaze of yearning eyes,
A wish that the lips could not frame,
Till, clad in a homely khaki disguise,
A ministering angel came.

Not a soft-voiced nurse with a kindly face,
Not mother nor kinsman was he,
But a big, rough fellow with little grace
Or affection that one could see.
But he came to the soldier's side and read
The wish of that home-sick boy ;
Gently he bent him over his bed,
And left for his sadness—joy.
For he gently kissed that pale wan face,
And sure I am of this,
That the angel that writes in the heavenly place
Has recorded that soldier's kiss.



A THOUGHT.

The doves of peace are bringing
To my heart both love and cheer,
But still there's something missing
In the life I'm leading here.
I see the oceans rolling on,
As they rolled in days that are past ;
There's a finger ever pointing
To a vision before me cast.

I see my comrades marching on
To fight for freedom's cause ;
I picture battles lost and won
In days of mine and yours ;
And in my heart I'm longing
For those days to come again—
For the days of song and laughter,
And the days we spent in pain.

Life is like a mighty ocean,
Rolling on from day to day ;
Men, like ships, are launched upon it
Thousands are wrecked and cast away
Though this answers as a warning
When you take the narrow track,
Ever onward as a soldier,
Never turning to look back.

For my heart is ever yearning
 For the hours we spent in fun
 Where the boys are singing ditties,
 Pulling the cords behind the guns.
 Give me back the din of battle
 Amidst the boys with hearts of steel,
 Where the guns they roar and rattle
 With a mighty, thunderous peal.

Although it's only in my memories
 That I do those days recall;
 Those good old days—also my pals—
 I'm longing for them all.
 Our days of war are ended,
 And there's nothing won that's lost;
 But should there be another war,
 We'll win at any cost.

In this life I gained my knowledge,
 And dear for it we had to pay.
 But methinks my burden's lightened
 When I picture where comrades lay
 Buried in the barren hills of Anzac,
 Whilst others are buried at sea,
 And my thoughts will ever go back
 To the graves of France and Gallipoli.



ALPHABET.

- A stands for Anzac, our first little stunt, it was there for the
 Turkeys we all went to hunt.
 B is for Bully, the beautiful beef, without any bones to frac-
 ture your teeth.
 C stands for curses, and curses there will be, if they always
 keep saying there's biscuits for tea.
 D stands for danger when a Taube's in the sky, you had
 better take cover if you don't want to die.
 E is for green envelopes we get once a month, and if it's
 paper you're wanting, in vain you will hunt.
 F stands for frightful sights we did see when charging the
 hills of Gallipoli.
 G stands for "gutzter" a soldier will come if he's caught steal-
 ing the officers' rum.

H stands for hours that go slowly by when you're on out-post in the dead of the night.

I have drunk all my water and eaten my bread, if the next issue is short, I'll go off my head.

J stands for jam, that we have to spread thin—twenty-four rations goes eight men to a tin.

K for my kingdom I'll give any dag that makes me a present of a packet of fags.

L is for lamp posts in old London town, they're blaming the Aussies for pushing them down.

M stands for money, the root of all evil, to my way of thinking, it caused this upheaval.

N stands for night, when I lay down to sleep, and rely on my comrades my safety to keep.

O is the cry that you hear in the night, when a bomb hits a Fritzie and puts out his light.

P stands for pain you'll get in your tummy after being on leave with plenty of money.

Q is for quick to the loophole we dash when a shell lands on Fritzie's main line with a crash.

R is for right up to our waists we stand in a trench of cold water in Froggie's land.

S stands for the snoozer that cooks all our meals, but he never comes round to ask how do you feel.

T is for trouble a soldier will find if he's caught trying to lag on behind.

U know it's no use for a soldier to try swinging the lead, for he only gets told he's not right in the head.

V is for visions the Tommies had up at Mons. of sweet little angels in the light of the moon.

W is wait, and time it will tell, we will soon have all the Germans running like h—.

X is the Cross that they put at your head when your lights go out and you're posted as dead.

Y stands for Yanks who came a great thud when they came to pull the Aussies out of the mud.

Z is the Zeppelin that raided round London, was a sight worth seeing with our guns thundering